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**SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.**  
The shores of our country recede from our view,  
The breeze wafts the tall ship the blue billows thro',  
The sun dips the circle we see,  
We think on the land of the brave and the free.

LOVE AND HOPE.

TRACT FROM A POEM IN MSS.

**FANCY.**

Fanny, nay, though one my heart should gain  
 Love for her, her fallings shall not hide;  
 Now her as she is, though it cause pain,  
 I rather than thyself'd e'er abate.

But then think by holding Fanny to view,  
 That I'll resign my present humble life,  
 And, as a shadow's shade pursue,  
 Through a hearing's holy earth, or the bloody strife  
 Of her efforts, Fanny's e'er again  
 Shall thy dearest beatings move my mind;  
 None I'll deliver to thy once lov'd strain,  
 Nor thy tale no more than idle wind.

Yes, Fanny go, but not without a tear,  
 For long thou'ld have an inmate of my heart,  
 Through thy glass I've seen full visions near  
 And they were holy, adieu, my friend.

LORED BYRON'S MOTHER.—"I was intimate acquainted with Lord Byron's mother from her childhood. She lost her first parents very early, and was taken to the old, and lived occasionally with the family of General Abercromby, of Glasgow, to whom she was nearly related. I passed some weeks in her company there, when she came from school, romping, comely, good-humoured girl of sixteen, inclined to carousery. He was fond of running races, and swinging between two trees on the lawn; but from that sort of exercise was at last deterred from his usual sports, and she had so severe a cold that she fainted, and I carried her in my arms into the house, but no injury occurred except that she was obliged to submit to the lancet, and a temporary confinement. One of her nearest relations, Mrs. D—, the wife of the Admiral, was about this time residing at Bath; and she and this lady undertook to—urge her to marry, and she had been so long in Scotland, for she had acquired a confirmed Scotch accent. Now it was to be feared that some northern adventure might entice her into a clandestine marriage, or she had no mother or good aunt to look after her. How Bath was chosen as an eligible residence for a young and giddy heiress, seems rather surprising; but thither she went, and was introduced to me. She was then about twenty, and worth sixty thousand pounds, and she consequently attracted many admirers: among others, Capt. Byron, a guardman, (or lately one) paid his court to the northern constellation. A young man of address and insinuating

The objects of this institution are benevolent and laudable. It is to enlighten the dark-ness of night, to diffuse happiness among hearts, to relieve a burden, and to form useful members for it; to elicit and cherish the spark of genius; to withdraw benighted spirits from pollution and crime, and point them to Heaven and immortality. Its kind of beneficence cannot be extended to more worthy objects, while the influence of mute gratitude will be an enduring reward.

L... is a notorious instance of the dishonestest bankrupt. A neighbour of his, by industry and economy, had become the owner of a few little farms. L... contrived to defraud him of both. One he purchased on credit, and induced the unsuspecting owner to become his surety for borrowed money to an amount he swallowed up the other; and becoming bankrupt immediately after, defrauded the honest farmer of his little all. Turned homeless and homeless on the world, ruined in fortune and broken in spirit, the poor man shortly ended an unhappy life, the victim of dishonest bankruptcy; leaving

together. The complainant, (who was rather model attired), the two eventful accents imaginable and with a languishing droop of the head a *Juilet*, whilst the body of her dress, over an anon, arose in gentle undulations as "her bosom heaved a sigh," thus stated the cause—"If I please, Sir, I am, I think, acquainted with you."—The *Madame's* establishment in Oxford-street (One day having occasion to go to Vauxhall bro business) I got into a wherry, and was rowed there by the young man before you. He was agreeable, and (though his) made love to me; and said, "I have been married three times, and would marry me if I would have him. After some time I consented, and we were made man and wife three days afterwards." (Hough ho!) It was

lence, which should render his tortious conduct more culpable, and because, his to perch on the scaffold. He communicated his resolution to the young Lady, in a letter couched in the most passionate terms, the same time bidding her an eternal farewell. This communication had a very rapid date, for he had not time to write, but he entrusted himself with implements for the purpose, and proceeded to the fatal risk in question, at a stroke in the open day, and set them on fire. Having done this, he went to a comfortable inn, where the officers he had summoned, and who were waiting for him, were ordered so secretly as to be undisturbed. The combustible he procured with a cask, and brought him before a Magistrate, to whom he confessed the

rice, and his mother died, to the care of his father, and his mother, who was at present far from well. A considerable time elapsed before he left by the father for the support of these children, but they soon fell ill, and the boy was released from his insupportable situation by a kind gentleman of Spaulding, who, much to his regret, was obliged to procure a nurse for the sick child. The other child was dreadfully afflicted. A surgeon pronounced her incurable. For two months the poor little sufferer was allowed to rise from its bed. At length disgusting rumours got abroad, some of the neighbours, however, not believing them, went to see, and found she was actually confined to the bed. *They were tried round her legs!* This account spread rapidly, and the infant was taken to Spaulding.











